I'm giving you my heart by buckyjbarnnes

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Summary:

He’d wanted to give the necklace – the necklace his mom gave him – because he just…sort of felt like it. He didn’t particularly think that it’d be something Steve would make a big deal out of.

I'm giving you my heart

Author's Note:

> i love writing fluff too, not only filthy sex, so here's something i wrote in like 10 mins because i just couldn't contain myself lmao and as i said in the tags, billy giving steve his necklace is my real kink

Steve is shocked when Billy deposits the necklace in his hand. He doesn't look at Steve in the eye, and looks about ready to run at the minimum sign of rejection. This is perhaps the first time he's ever seen the boy *afraid.*

He'll never hurt Billy.

He now knows, that Billy wouldn't ever hurt him either.

Steve doesn't speak because he's overwhelmed with emotions; love, surprise, happiness… everything one can feel when something desired comes true. Billy seems to take Steve's silence the wrong way, because suddenly he looks hurt and like he's ready to let his tears drop, but he also looks angry and sad. Steve almost punches himself in the neck for not reacting properly; the last thing he wants is to make Billy feel bad about this gesture.

Billy looks like he's about to say something and snatch his hand away at the same time. Steve anticipates any movement or word, though.

"*Billy*…Hold up a sec, yeah? This," Steve says gesturing in between them, "is the best thing that's happened to me all year," Then he squeezes Billy's hand, which is still entwined with his and the necklace, and leans closer to the other boy, "Thank you so much, Billy, for everything."

Billy's rendered speechless, which doesn't happen very often. He then licks his lips and just stares. He's never had a reason to be genuine, or nice, or *romantic,* so he basically has no idea how to be any of those things. He'd wanted to give the necklace – the necklace his mom gave him – because he just…sort of felt like it. He didn't particularly think

that it'd be something Steve would make a big deal out of.

Billy doesn't know how to deal with this whole emotional thing, because he wants to play it off like it's nothing, but he knows that'll hurt Steve and *himself*. He doesn't know what to do, but he's aware that if he speaks, then he'll fuck up the moment and honestly, he ruins everything else in his life, so he'd rather not do it too with the one good thing he has.

"Remember you told me I wasn't your *girl* and that you didn't want any of that 'sentimental shit'?" Steve says, exactly as close as he was before; his breath ghosting Billy's mouth, "Well Billy, this is beautiful and very sentimental. And you've nothing to be ashamed of."

Billy looks down and sighs. He isn't used to this, but he very briefly thinks that he could. He likes how honest and happy Steve looks *because of something he's done*. He feels proud of himself for once. He also feels like Steve's proud of him, and that makes him hate himself a little bit less.

"I'll wear it every goddamn day," Steve says, a breathy small laugh escaping him, "I…I love it."

Steve does love it. He loves how it feels in his hand, and he can't wait to put it on. Nobody ever has given him something so selflessly, and especially something that clearly meant a lot to them. Steve could fucking cry right now.

They stay quiet, just holding hands and standing way too close to each other. Steve understands Billy is trying to say something, so he waits patiently.

"I-…I. This is…*Fuck*…this is hard alright?" Billy says eventually, still not meeting Steve's eyes. He's fighting through a hundred layers of hurt and anger and insecurity to get this out. If he doesn't do it right then, he's sure he won't do it ever. "Steve…I'm clearly shit with words," Billy says huffing out a little bit, "but know that…that this is

a promise. This is my promise."

Billy looks up at Steve, partially expecting a sardonic expression on his face (because that's all he knows), but he finds that Steve looks so open, so vulnerable and happy that Billy suddenly feels like he's about to cry. He doesn't know how he ended up with someone as nice as Steve Harrington. He wasn't sure he deserved him.

Steve's smiling at Billy like he's the most precious thing he's ever seen. Billy has never felt this loved before.

"Can you put it on for me?" Steve asks, with a quiet sort of voice that Billy has never heard him use. He's still smiling.

Billy nods, and takes the (their?) necklace and clasps it around Steve's neck. Billy's hand lingers on Steve's chest. He doesn't know what he's doing anymore. He never thought he'd do something like this.

They are speaking in whispers, although they are completely alone.

"Steve,"

"…yeah?"

"I….I….you…-"

Steve smiles fondly at that. He's not making fun of Billy, and he knows it, "I love you too."

Then they are kissing, and that's all Billy needs to know that this was the right thing to do.

Steve's the right thing for him.